AN: It's the penultimate episode of Series One of *Cheese*! This one was pretty fun to write, once I sorted out the idea. Enjoy the madness!

Cheese

Bad

Scene One – TPYMK's Bedroom

(TPYMK is sat on his bed, staring at a badly drawn picture of himself.)

TPYMK: Hey – who's that good-looking guy?

(He chuckles, kissing the picture. He puts it down, getting up from the bed.)

Ah, aren't I just the most beautiful creature on this planet? Even my mirror agrees with me

(TPYMK stars into the mirror on the wall.)

Magic Mirror on the wall, who is the sexiest one of all?

(The mirror shatters into a million pieces.)

Oh. Guess it can't handle the awesomeness. Ha-ha!

(TPYMK walks over to his desk, sitting down at the computer.)

Now to type my next greatest novel! *The Lion King IV: A Bad Fanfic*! Oh, TPYMK, you godlike genius!

(TPYMK starts typing, as Dan enters the room.)

DAN: Hi, TPYMK.

TPYMK: Oh, hi, Dan. I'm just typing my latest masterpiece.

DAN: Another bad fanfic that gets removed for being too awful?

TPYMK: It's obvious that they're just jealous of my talent.

DAN: For the seven billionth time, *what* talent?

TPYMK: Shut up, Dan! You wish you could be just like me!

DAN: Don't be so absurd. I'm quite happy with who I am.

TPYMK: A sissy transvestite with delusions of power?

DAN: Those pink slippers were accidentally delivered to this address!

TPYMK: They were exactly your size.

DAN: That's just a coincidence!

TPYMK: The same exact thing happened last week. And the week before. And the week before that, too! In fact…

(TPYMK picks up a clipboard with a sheet of paper attached to it.)

I've got the exact list of how many items of female clothing you've had delivered to the apartment over the past few weeks. Friday the 26th of July: a pair of diamond earrings. Monday the 5th of August: a white wedding dress worth $15,000. And Thursday the 13th of August: a Catwoman outfit with a whip. I mean, it's just gotta stop!

(Dan snatches the clipboard from TPYMK.)

DAN: Don't hate me because I'm beautiful!

(Dan runs off crying.)

TPYMK: That boy has serious issues.

(TPYMK sits back down at his desk.)

And now to return to my story of unparalleled perfection.

(TPYMK continues typing.)

"'TPYMK, you're so awesome!' Sarafina said. 'I know,' said TPYMK. 'Now, why don't we retreat to a more romantic location and—'"

(A sudden crashing sound interrupts his work. TPYMK looks up in bemusement.)

Oh, what now?

(He gets up, leaving the room.)

Scene Two – Hallway

(TPYMK walks down the hallway, stopping outside the door to Greg's bedroom. He knocks on the door.)

TPYMK: Greg, what's with all the racket?

(The crashing noise sounds again. TPYMK scowls.)

Greg, you've been in there for three whole weeks – what are you doing?

(Greg's noise sounds faint from the other end.)

GREG: It's just a little hobby of mine.

TPYMK: What, drinking? You don't need to stay in your room – you do plenty of that outside as it is.

GREG: Why don't you go and do a hobby of your own?

TPYMK: I would, but it's not appropriate to mention on this family show.

GREG: A family show?

TPYMK: Yes. Rated G – for Good.

GREG: More like G – for Get Lost.

TPYMK: Right, that's enough – let me in!

(TPYMK attempts to enter the room, but the door is locked.)

Greg, don't be so obnoxious!

(Greg doesn't respond.)

You'd better listen now, Greg Greg! If you don't open that door by the time I count to three, then I am gonna have a really good look through that keyhole!

(He counts off the seconds with his fingers.)

One… two… *two*… three.

(TPYMK kneels down and looks through the keyhole. A pen is stabbed into his eye.)

Ow…

(TPYMK collapses onto his back.)

Not funny! Oh, come on, Greg – be fair. I haven't had anybody to whine at for a whole three weeks!

GREG: Go away.

TPYMK: You've caught me in a bad mood, Greg. That's it – I'm gonna use brute force!

(TPYMK stands up, and attempts to kick the door down, only for it to fly open suddenly. A boxing glove shoots out and hits him in the face, causing him to fall backwards and tumble down the stairs.)

Wah!

(TPYMK smashes through the front door, ending up outside.)

Scene Three – Outside Apartment

(TPYMK lies on the ground, moaning in pain.)

Oh… my aching tail…

(A whooshing sound is heard, as something lands near TPYMK.)

Huh?

(A giant golden eagle wearing a baseball cap looms over TPYMK, holding a letter in his talons.)

MAALUM: Here's your mail, dude.

(He drops a letter on TPYMK's face, before flying away. TPYMK rises to his feet, staring at the letter in his hand.)

TPYMK: Err… thanks.

(TPYMK rips open the letter, reading it. His eyes widen in shock.)

A $50,000 bill for scientific equipment?

(TPYMK's eyes narrow, furious. He yells to the skies.)

Greg!

Scene Four – Staircase

(TPYMK storms up the stairs, passing Dan on the way.)

DAN: Hey, TPYMK, what are you—

TPYMK: Out of my way!

(TPYMK throws Dan down the stairs.)

DAN: *Gah!*

Scene Five – Hallway

(TPYMK stomps his way over to Greg's bedroom door.)

TPYMK: Greg, come out of your room with your hands – and beer – up!

(No response.)

That's it!

(TPYMK kicks the door down with full force, sending it splintering from its hinges. He heads inside.)

Oh, my God…

Scene Six – Greg's Bedroom

(Greg's bedroom is adorned with pictures of beer bottles in seductive poses. But the most interesting thing about the room is the complex lab that dominates the centre. Greg is stood by a metal barrel, wearing a pair of goggles.)

TPYMK stares, astounded, at the technology inside.)

TPYMK: Greg… you've been—

GREG: That's right, my terrible writer friend from the pits of woe! I've been cooking Sumu!

TPYMK: Greg – how could you? This is immoral! It's illegal! It's—

GREG: Gonna make us all rich!

TPYMK: So you're telling me that with you actually possess a large amount of scientific knowledge, thus enabling you to manufacture the most dangerous drug in the world?

GREG: Nope – but I watch a lot of *Poison*, so I think I caught the gist of it.

TPYMK: Well, you must have been drunk during that fan quiz, then – your score was terrible.

GREG: Look, it's a sure-fire way to ensure that we have millions of dollars to do whatever we like with!

TPYMK: In your case, that translates to spending the rest of your life drinking vast amounts of alcohol.

GREG: I was thinking more along the lines of having myself transformed into a glass of beer, but you've got the right idea.

TPYMK: Greg, just because you watch a TV show doesn't mean you can produce a deadly drug.

GREG: Of course it does! I produce the purest product on the market! Just look at these percentages!

(Greg hands TPYMK a piece of paper.)

TPYMK: 0% purity. In fact, it says here that you've tainted it with alcohol and… *cheese*?

GREG: It gives it an extra kick!

TPYMK: Greg, no one is going to buy this!

GREG: Drug users are stupid – they'll buy anything they can get their hands on!

TPYMK: Actually, that's a fair point, since you are a drug user yourself.

GREG: I only tried cocaine, like, three thousand times! And I'm off the heroin, too!

TPYMK: How many times did you use it yesterday?

GREG: Six thousand – but it's an upside from last Tuesday.

TPYMK: Greg, let me try and run through this in a professional business manner. How on earth do you intend to sell this cheap sewer-grade Sumu?

GREG: By selling it to a distributor, of course! I've got one lined up for this evening!

TPYMK: You have?

GREG: Of course. I called him yesterday.

TPYMK: How the hell did you figure out how to contact a Sumu distributor?

(Greg holds up a phone book.)

GREG: He's in the phone book.

(Greg opens the book, pointing to a listing.)

See – Mr Very Popular Sumu Distributor. His number is right there!

(TPYMK stares in disbelief at the listing.)

TPYMK: Why on earth would a Sumu dealer list themselves in the phone book?

GREG: Ah – hiding in plain sight!me

(Greg taps his nose.)

That's how the professionals do it!

TPYMK: If you say so. How much of this Sumu did you manage to cook, then?

GREG: Well… take a look for yourself.

(Greg pushes a wooden crate towards TPYMK. He peers inside.)

TPYMK: Wow – there must be about sixty bags in here!

GREG: We're set to make millions. We'll split it right down the middle: 70-30!

(TPYMK stares at him in confusion.)

TPYMK: You never really did pass math class, did you?

GREG: No – I couldn't figure out how to spell the number two.

TPYMK: Sometimes I wonder if you even had a brain in the first place.

GREG: Well, I was raised by a pack of wild Guinness cans, so they did give me a bit of a hard time – and a heavy hangover, too!

TPYMK: I can see. Well, stupidity aside, I suppose we'd better go and see this distributor!

GREG: Well, he's a nice enough guy!

Scene Seven – Office

(A dark, musty office. A huge lion, Death, is stood over a frail cub, punching him repeatedly in the face.)

DEATH: *I! Told! You! No! One! Deals! Sumu! In! This! Town! But! Me!*

(The cub coughs up blood. Death deals one final punch, smashing his

skull in and killing him instantly. He cheers loudly.)

Damn, man! Yeah!

(Death turns to a cub, Moto, who is stood beside a desk.)

Did you see that? I beat his little butt dry!

MOTO: Yeah, you, like, beat him dry – but there's blood, so he's wet, too.

DEATH: That's right. And let that be a lesson to you, or I'll kick your head off, too!

MOTO: Yo – just chill, Death. It's all good in the hood.

(Death sits down at the desk.)

DEATH: Now, who do I have a meeting with next? I hope I don't have to give them the hard sell like I did with that little rat.

(He glances at the dead cub.)

MOTO: Just three guys. They must be part of a gang or something.

(Death chuckles.)

DEATH: We'll see how tough they are. Send 'em in!

(Moto walks over to a door, pulling it open.)

MOTO: Yo, dudes, you can, like, come in now. Welcome to Death's crib!

DEATH: *This ain't no MTV show, Moto!*

MOTO: Heh – sorry. I'm too high right now to focus.

(TPYMK, Dan and Greg enter the office.)

TPYMK: Nice decoration. What's this colour? Essence of dirt?

GREG: Nah – it's more like essence of throwing-up-on-a-Saturday-night-after-downing-seve n-pints.

TPYMK: Well, you'd know all about that.

GREG: You bet!

DEATH: Who the hell are you freaks?

(TPYMK regards Death with a look of unpleasantness.)

TPYMK: You must be the Sumu distributor. What's your name, Yo-Dog or something?

DEATH: I'm Death. Who are you?

TPYMK: I'm… um… Iceberg.

DEATH: Iceberg? What kind of a name is that?

TPYMK: I'm a former rap star. Can we just get down to business now?

DEATH: What do you want? You'd better not be trying to steal my Sumu.

GREG: No – we *cook* Sumu!

(Death stares at the three.)

DEATH: You three little pussies cook Sumu?

DAN: I'm not a pussy!

DEATH: What about the Catwoman outfit?

DAN: How do you even know about that?

DEATH: It's in the script.

TPYMK: Getting back on task, I think that you would be very interested in selling our product.

GREG: Yeah – it may not be as good as beer, but it still gives you a good jolt!

TPYMK: My… *pet* here is a drug addict – and a raging alcoholic, too – so he definitely knows how good our product is. He's tried it more times than I care to remember.

DEATH: How pure is it?

TPYMK: Well—

GREG: 99%!

TPYMK: Huh?

DEATH: You three whiny girls cooked a 99% pure batch?

GREG: Of course! We're not Sumu cooks – we're Sumu *chefs*!

(TPYMK whispers in Greg's ear.)

TPYMK: You're going to get us into trouble—

(Greg pushes TPYMK out of the way.)

GREG: Give us $3,000,000 and you can have a whole crate full of the stuff! It'll get you higher than an earthworm!

(TPYMK narrows his eyes in confusion.)

DEATH: $3,000,000? Well, I guess we could work something out.

GREG: Exactly. How about we make a deal?

DEATH: Sure. Give me your gay little assistant as a slave and we're good to go.

DAN: *Gay?*

DEATH: Yeah. You gotta be better than this clown.

(Death gestures in the direction of Moto, who is staring at the wall.)

MOTO: Whoa… the wall is like… a *wall*!

DEATH: See what kind of stupidity I have to deal with?

TPYMK: Why don't you just fire him, then?

DEATH: That's good thinking, Iceberg.

(Death pulls out a gun and shoots Moto in the head. His brains splatter against the wall.)

MOTO: Dude – that's my brains.

(Moto falls down, dead.)

TPYMK: That wasn't what I meant.

DAN: I can't be your slave! That's not fair on me!

TPYMK: Well, Dan, you are quite pathetic.

DAN: Oh, screw you!

TPYMK: I'm not screwing you, you sick degenerate!

DEATH: Yo! Do we have a deal or not?

TPYMK: Of course you do! You think I'm gonna hang around with this sick transvestite? Have him!

(TPYMK pushes Dan forward.)

DEATH: I'm sure he'll be a good little servant.

DAN: This isn't right!

TPYMK: Neither is trying to seduce me, Dan. This'll be a good learning experience for you.

DAN: What, when he fills me full of lead?

TPYMK: Yes!

DEATH: Looks like we're almost done, then. Now, where's your product?

TPYMK: Well…

(TPYMK trails off. He turns to Greg, staring at him.)

Greg?

GREG: Yes?

TPYMK: Before we left the house, I entrusted you with bringing the Sumu along with us so we could give it to this distributor. What did you do with it?

GREG: Oh, I used it all on the way over.

(TPYMK stares at Greg in horror.)

TPYMK: You *what*?

GREG: Yeah. Snorted all sixty bags. By the way, did I mention you look like an elephant right now?

TPYMK: I think I'll fire one of my own staff, actually.

(TPYMK grabs Death's gun and shoots Greg in the head.)

The End

AN: And yet another get-rich scheme is foiled. Greg is just too stupid.

Looks like there's only one more episode of the series to go, so I'll see you next time for the finale!